PART II.

I. THE DREAM OF THE WORLD WITHOUT DEATH.

"Songs of Corruption, woven thus, With tender thoughts and tremulous, Sitting with a solemn face In an island burying-place, While weary waves broke sad and slow O'er weedy wastes of sand below, And stretch'd on every side of me The rainy grief of the gray Sea."























































II. THE SOUL AND THE DWELLING.

"A House miraculous of breath
The royal Soul inhabiteth.
Alone therein for evermore,
It seeks in vain to pass the door;
But through the windows of the eyne
Signalleth to its kin divine."









































